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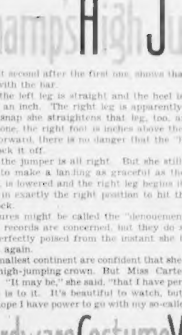
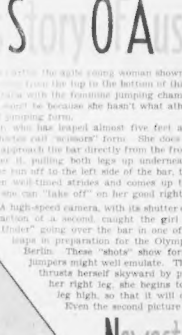
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday American.
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Sunday, Aug. 23, 1936



Seven Types of American Girls - No. 6 - Intellectual Painted for This Page
by Zoe Mozert

Cameras Story Of A Lady G C Camera High Jump



After a Good Running Start, Doris Leaves the Ground Just in Front of the Bar and Rises Gracefully, Carrying Herself Up and Forward by Sweeping the Leg. The Camera Shows Her Usual Grace of Movement.

Model Cats In Federal Model Home

NOT EVEN the cleverest of the publicity men conceived the idea of using cats to publicize the present administration's Federal housing project—the undertaking known as the F.H.A. Yet a feline family helped immensely to put over the display of the Government at the San Diego Exposition—and the idea was that of Miss Mitz, a feline that looks such a feline in one of the model homes that she moved in with her family of five kittens.

Miss Mitz, manager of the display, which comprised fifty-two model homes, says by the packs of the Democratic platform, that in the first place he had nothing to do with installing Mitz and her menage in the little house.

After Mitz had moved in and brought her brood to the point where it could be admired by visitors to the fair, he did call in a cameraman and help a little in fixing the feline youngsters so that they took a "cute" picture. But the cat and her kittens were not imported for the occasion.

Attendees at the exposition were, at first, inclined to move the family to more secluded quarters. Some of them, looking inquisitive, had the idea that it detracted from the display of little houses to have a "mess of cats" around. But others, with better sense, saw that Mitz and her family would give the exhibition interest because, except for a few people who stay away from cats, almost everybody gets a look out of kittens.

The question of what to do with the mother cat and her five youngsters was carried right up to the front office. For a time it appeared that the outfit would be moved to some out-of-the-way place where the mother could nurse her little ones, wash them and teach them the few simple things they need to know before they were able to shift for themselves.

One or two sagacious individuals voted to leave Mitz right where she was. If the cat had found the model home good enough to bring her family into the world, then it was good enough for her to live in and she should be allowed to stay there. What did it matter if, now and then, a kitten wandered out of the diminutive front door, or stuck a fuzzy head out a decorative window, so long as the kittens didn't wander out where people could step on them, they would be all right.

Miss Mitz, unaware of all this to do about her, came out victorious. The men who had it within their power to leave her on the spot or move her somewhere else finally decided that she and her kittens would be good advertising for the project. They would assign an attendant to keep an eye on the family and see that the pussies stayed "in the grounds" and, when the time came, they would nurse the study family where they would be less trouble and where Mitz could go on with her maternal duties.

Although the model house shown in the photograph had none of the comforts of home, Mitz didn't mind. And when it came time to shift her and her family she moved her protest.



At the California Pacific Exposition, Pet Cats Took Possession of This One of Fifty-six Models of the Work of the Federal Housing Administration. The Cat Family Was Promptly Adopted and Made F.H.A. Mascots.

She's Over, With the Fourth Snapshot, Scampering Seating Above the Marker, and as the Next Snapshot Shows, She Has Cleared the Top and Starts to Descend. Still Maintaining What the Olympic Coaches Called Perfect Technique.

Creditors Couldn't Take His Diamond Teeth

ROBERT ASHBY, a colored citizen of Buffalo, New York, recently was haled into court because he was in debt \$242 and was either unable, or unwilling, to clear up the black marks against his credit.

A checkup revealed that Mr. Ashby did have a couple of unusual and rather valuable assets—a pair of sparkling diamonds set in two of his white and prominent front teeth. Why, the creditor wanted to know, couldn't the court make the defendant go to a good dentist who would remove the gems which, subsequently could be converted into cash?

To this suggestion Mr. Ashby raised emphatic protest. To take the stones out would ruin the "beauty" of his smile, as he put it, and would seriously affect his social and economic success. His lawyer added a few well chosen words to the argument and Judge George H. Rowe thought the point well taken. He could imagine what would happen to the Negro's face if the diamonds were removed to leave two unsightly holes in the grinders.

When the merits of the case had been argued pro and con, the bench handed down a sort of Solomon judgment. It held that the diamonds are not part of Mr. Ashby's liquid assets, if any, but an integral part of his person and, therefore, could not be taken from the defendant no matter how far he might be in debt.

Counsel for the plaintiff took exception, arguing that no one is born with diamonds in his face and that the bangles could not, then, be a part of the body. The stones had been put in to tickle a man's vanity and it would be a simple matter to take them out. But the ruling stuck. Mr. Ashby walked out of the law of justice flaunting one of his most laudable smiles.

The ruling of the court seems to have set a precedent that ought to comfort owners of gold as well as diamond teeth. There are hundreds of persons who pride themselves for their gold teeth, and these would certainly be more than upset if such teeth became debts.

It Requires a Lightning Fast Camera Lens to Record the Grace and Poise of the Fair-Jumper. The Film Will Be Used to Instruct Other Girl Athletes in Acquiring Champion Form.

Make Their Living By Growing Long Fingernails

MORE than a hundred elderly men and women in Soochow, China, toil not nor spin to make a modest living, although China is a land where life is hard and poverty common. These seeming sluggards who do all right for themselves just take it easy and let their fingernails grow. When their nails are eight inches long they are neatly clipped off close to the finger and delivered to a manufacturer of medicines for sore throat.

There's more than a little ancient black magic in the business for the medicine man insists that the nails be perfect. He will not pay cash for a split or discolored nail, but he will dig into his wallet and spend generously for flawless nails.

Just what is in human fingernails that possibly could be of any medical benefit is a secret that the manufacturer says he inherited from a long line of ancestors. British, American and other alien physicians living in China possess the idea that the medicine is good for sore throat or any other sickness.

The End of the Jump, Which Qualifies Doris for a Place in the Olympics in Germany. She's a Made a Perfect Landing.



Newest Creation in the Hardware Costume Vogue

A FEW years ago hardware was looked upon as something necessary to homemaking but not at all adapted to gracing the feminine figure. Merchants put pots, pans, vases, kitchenware and such odds and ends in their windows but they did not attempt to make the displays artistic, nor did they imagine that anyone would be much interested in young women dressed in such galgals.

Things have changed, however, and even the hardware business has taken a leaf from the book of the masquerade of show business. Some of its merchants are aware, now, that a good looking girl, with a sunny smile and a well-turned pair of legs can help move anything off the shelves of stores.

Take the young woman shown in the photograph at the right. Her name is Naomi Anderson and, not so long ago, she reigned for a day or two as "Queen" of the International Home Furnishings Exposition staged at the world-famous Merchandise Mart in Chicago. Of course, Miss Anderson wasn't forced to go through all the shenanigans that entrants in beauty contests do to get the job. She had the face, the figure and the personality and the promoters of the show just up and engaged her and, in the presence of a small army of out-of-town buyers "crowned" her with garlands and scanty costume of

fabrics which were on view and hung some modern pots and pans from her slim waist. Her meagre was another familiar object used in every kitchen and on sale in every hardware store in the country.

It was all quite commercial, of course, but it did please the visiting buyers who found the Queen good to look upon and thought it much better to inspect pots and pans and ironing boards and such things while they were covering a pretty girl than to walk by racks and tables of the articles. That was all well enough a few years ago, but now the makers of home furnishings were waiting up and putting a little pep into their shows. No harm in it at all. On the contrary it made the business of buying more pleasant.

Florida still claims the honors in hardware styles because of a Miami merchant who, for the past several years, has designed becoming, champagne concocted only of the wares on his shelves and in his bins. Some of his hats were covered with kitchen utensils, fishing tackle and scrub cloths.



Streamlined Pots and Pans Provide Garlands for Miss Naomi Anderson and She Wears a Linoleum Crown. The Costume Helped Publicize a Recent Household Exposition.

Now, the Crow-Killing Lottery

TO the town of Fındıklı, Baskalchewan, goes the prize for thinking up the strangest lottery that the Dominion of Canada has run in all its long history. The winners do not hold lucky tickets that are pulled out of a hat or a barrel. They get out their shovels and hang away at crows—and if they knock down certain birds they collect plenty for their time and effort.

Fındıklı wants to get rid of the crop-eating pests which have, in recent years, become so numerous that they are threatening the destruction of other bird life, more especially ducks. Conservation interests conceived the idea of capturing and banding the legs of crows, releasing them and then offering \$2000 in prizes for the hunters who would, while plugging away at the nuisances, bring down some of the numbered birds.

One bird was given a leg band which, returned with the dead crow, was good for the first prize of \$500. The second prize was \$250 and the third \$100. There were many lesser prizes, including a gold medal for the person, man or woman, to bring down the largest number of the black pests.

Community officials and government game wardens guessed that the lottery would mean the end of at least 50,000 of the birds that have been destroying crops and driving away desirable birds.

Nevertheless, crows still abound in the territory which they seem to like, for it affords them hunting as good as that enjoyed by humans. The sport and service of annihilating the pests probably will continue for a long time. In several Western American States crows are killed by dynamite and then eaten at festive barbecues.



Wronged Mrs. Ives' Surprising Lack of English Reserve



Then After Starting Out to Lash Mr. Ives, She Saw a Bucket of Paint and Suddenly Had a Better Idea.

Dog-Lashed Her Rival, Then Crowned Her Erring Husband With a Bucket of Paint, and the British Judge Approved, Quite, and Gave Her a Divorce

Mrs. Ives sought Out Her Rival and Lashed Her in a Public Park.

So She Took the Bucket From the Astounded Workman, and Dashing Into Her Husband's Office, Emptied It Over His Head. Which Was Even More Un-English.

LONDON, Aug. 15.

IT WAS thoroughly un-English, but when pretty Mrs. Elaine Ives discovered that her husband had fallen in love with Miss Elaine Cowling, and that the two were as close as a London post-office bag, she didn't have hysterics, nor did she go immediately to her lawyer and seek a divorce.

Instead, she dog-lashed her rival and poured a pail of paint over her husband's head. The dog-lashing was something she planned quite liberally over a span of two and a half years. But the pail of paint was an inspiration of the moment.

Mr. Edward Reginald Ives is a prosperous, thirty-year-old business man, living at Thorpe-St. Andrew, a rural spot near Norwich, England. Elaine Ives is a sparkling brunette of twenty-two, a former Tiller Girl who danced on the stage in New York, London and Paris. In 1920 she gave up the career she loved because she loved Mr. Ives better.

At that time their marriage was really happy and as correctly British as kippers for breakfast.

But when Mrs. Ives discovered that her husband was becoming infatuated with Miss Elaine Cowling, a tall, twenty-one-year-old, attractive brunette with blue eyes, she suppressed a start. "What, ho!" and decided that the sporting thing to do was to expel her from the house.

Miss Cowling did not look like the typical ditz who took long, lachrymose walks away from their tireless lifts and love lives.

But she danced magnificently, too, and was a perfect peace of mind for she attracted her husband so much that he took her to dance continuously, and even out of her own of his night she went to a spot of dance. They were much too frequently together and when they were not dancing, they were pointing or pleasuring in Mr. Ives' motor car.

"See here, you devil! this will hardly do. It's not cricket," demonstrated the ex-Tiller girl, humiliated and most painfully upset to see her dreams of home and love shattered by the very young, exuberant who didn't give a farthing for her domestic rights.

Mrs. Ives was as good as the Derby favorite. "I prefer to dance with Miss Cowling," he said.

If Mr. Ives prefers to dance with me, I guess I've nothing more to say," Mrs. Ives is reported to have said.

"Though this much Mrs. Ives has a lot of, as the saying is, she managed to keep her temper in check for quite a long time and asked her husband respectfully to give up his sweetheart.

When he gave a pile of gloves to Miss Elaine, however, she was waiting for a fall and instead to ruin a crupper.

He said that the gloves had cost two guineas, that is, ten dollars. Mrs. Ives said they cost a good deal more. Mrs. Ives met Miss Cowling on the street and insisted on taking the gloves off her very hands. There was a lot of a tit between the two ladies.

"If you go along with my husband any more, you will get a thrashing!" Mrs. Ives warned her rival.



Mr. and Mrs. Ives, Leaving Fashionable Christ Church, Eaton, Norwich, England, After Their Marriage.

stomach kept her eyes open and her suspicions alert while hoping against hope that the infatuation was fading away on both sides.

But her hopes were jolly well shot one day when she was driving in her motor car with her mother and they spotted Mr. Ives and Miss Cowling. Her mother saw the couple first and gave the view halloo and the pip! pip! fox is away!

The couple, thinking that they had been unseen but fearing detection, immediately parted. Miss Cowling slipped out of the motor car and pretended that she was strolling into the office.

Then, according to an eye-witness, Mrs. Ives and her mother descended from their own motor car and approached Miss Cowling. Words were exchanged, loud, unedifying words more appropriate in Limehouse or Billingsgate than in Mayfair. It was Mrs. Ives who appeared to do most of the talking. Then without a by-your-leave, Mrs. Ives' mother is alleged to have held Miss Cowling while Mrs. Ives applied a dog-lash to the person of Miss Cowling "as soundly as a coter encourages his horse to climb Longleaze Hill, and with even more enthusiasm."

Mrs. Ives had suddenly lost her British restraint, and was taking the law into her hands in quite the American fashion and much more effectively than a whole corps of soldiers or ruffians and gravely bewigged justices. But if this public flogging by Mrs. Ives was as thoroughly un-English and startling as it was, she had appeared at Buckingham Palace in a bit of fluff or a bull skirt, her following action was even more so.

She had severely flogged her rival, who had fainted in pain and with considerable mortification. And now she would take similar disciplinary measures with her husband.

With this thought in mind, she grasped her whip firmly in her hand and started to enter her motor car. As she did so, her angry, tear-filled eyes were attracted by a large advertising sign behind her motor car. The sign, had completed, set forth the virtues of a prominent brand of liver pills in brilliant blue letters still wetly gleaming.

Mrs. Ives was not attracted by the



Mrs. Elaine Cowling, the Cause of All the Trouble.



Mrs. Ives, When She Was Dancing With the Tiller Girls.

advertising message but by the paint itself. It was as brilliant as a diamond choker collar at a Mayfair musicale. There was a whole, beautiful sapphire-blue bucketful of that paint in front of the advertising sign out of which a commercial painter was busily applying a brush to the sign.

Mrs. Ives dropped her dog-whip and descended upon that bucketful of paint rapidly and determinedly. Before the astonished painter could utter, "Ere, Tre, now!" Mrs. Ives had the bucket of paint by the handle and was conveying it to her motor car. She was off, without leaving him even the price of a gin-and-bitters.

With the pot of paint in her hand, Mrs. Ives strode into her husband's office. It was a large, clean and quiet office, kept orderly by a charwoman who took pride in her work. Dignity reigned in the outer office where the clerks were doing their clerking. In the inner office where Mr. Ives sat, correctly dressed in business tweed, quiet also reigned. But that was before Mrs. Ives poured.

She was upon Mr. Ives before he

could realize her intention. Without a preliminary warning she upset the full bucket of brilliant blue paint upon her husband's head. It was thoroughly un-English, and some would think it sporting because she did not even wait to catch him on the rise, but upset the contents of the bucket upon him neatly just as he sat.

He was too astonished even to shout. Besides the bucket quite thoroughly covered his head and his lips were sealed with paint. His stenographer, beside him, hardly knew what to say or do, his typists quit their typing and his clerks quit their clerking and stared with their mouths as agape as that of a haddock in a fish stall.

But after the paint had cascaded down his head, deluged his torso, swirling and eddying about his waistcoat, and had trickled in bright rivulets onto the carpet, Mr. Ives found his voice.

"But I say, Elaine," he cried, in protest. "You can't do this!"

"You're wrong, Edward, I have done so," said Mrs. Ives, and turning grimly on her trim feet she strode out of the office leaving the thoroughly bewildered office force to carry on as best they might.

This conduct on the part of his wife convinced Mr. Ives that she no longer loved him and he moved to a hotel where he removed the sapphire-blue evidence of Mrs. Ives' indignation and took up his residence.

Mrs. Ives went to live with her

family, and was kept busy acknowledging the letters and telegrams of congratulation which poured in upon her from every corner of the British Empire. One and all they expressed admiration for the way in which she had taken the law into her own hands. They were principally from wronged wives and jealous ones who lamented that they were too bound by the English conventions to act as she had.

Another lady from Surrey while applauding Mrs. Ives' action expressed doubt as to whether it accomplished its purpose. "After all, you can't dog-lash or paint-bathe anyone into loving you, now can you?" she wrote.

As the affair turned out, she was correct. After living at the hotel for several months and taking a vacation abroad, Mr. Ives who continued to pay attention to Miss Cowling was seen to take her to his house at Thorpe-St. Andrew on three occasions.

This became too much for Mrs. Ives, especially when after she had confronted him, he told her that on one of the three occasions he had invited Miss Cowling to the house merely to help him eat a pork-pie which was in the refrigerator.

Mrs. Ives thereupon filed a suit for divorce. Mrs. Ives filed a counter suit and mentioned Mrs. Ives' un-English

action with the dog-whip and pot of paint. But the thoroughly British Mr. Justice Bucknill in divorce court sympathized with Mrs. Ives' action.

When he granted her the divorce, he requested, he gravely expressed his opinion on the subject of paint-baths, dog whips and erring husbands.

"I don't suppose," said Mr. Justice Bucknill in discussing the conduct of Mr. Ives and Miss Cowling, "that those two people realized what great pain they were causing to Mrs. Ives. Mrs. Ives might have taken a friend herself when her husband treated her so badly—she is an attractive person, if I may say so, but she did not do so because she desired passionately to break off the relationship which has led to this dreary case."

Mrs. Ives did catch Miss Cowling very near her husband. I am satisfied that Mr. Ives went off in his car when Mrs. Ives appeared in hers.

Mrs. Ives went after Miss Cowling, caught her and chastised her with a dog-lash, and then went on to her husband's place of business and poured a pot of paint over him.

"It is suggested that all this was quite unprovoked, that Miss Cowling was walking quietly down the road to meet a woman friend, that Mrs. Ives came up and put out of her car with her mother, and that her mother held Miss Cowling while Mrs. Ives thrashed her."

"It is suggested that at the time Mr. Ives was sitting quietly in his office, but if that were so, why would he stop to take to summon Mrs. Ives or her mother for what would have been a most unprovoked and monstrous assault?"

"The only reason I can see is that there was a guilty conscience on the part of Mr. Ives and Miss Cowling, and they were afraid to bring the matter into court where the truth would emerge."

As for the invitation which Mrs. Ives extended to Miss Cowling to help him eat the pork pie in his refrigerator, this caused Mr. Justice Bucknill a bit of concern, but he came out stoutly with what was in his mind.

"I don't believe they had lunch that day," he said. "I don't see any explanation for their behavior except a passion for each other which persuaded them, to behave in the cruel way they have."

And so Mrs. Ives was granted her divorce. With her freedom regained she intends to make a name for herself, returning to her first love, dancing.

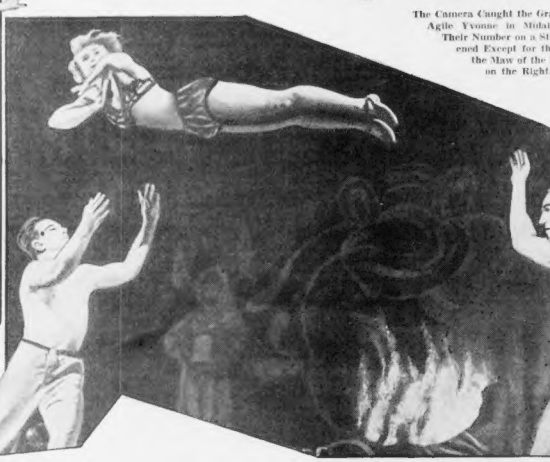
Mrs. Ives, also free, may continue to see Miss Cowling if she wishes.

All three are again more or less happy in spite of Mrs. Ives' thoroughly un-English conduct. But somewhere in England today there is a skilled painter of advertising signs who will start and then tell the story of Mrs. Ives and her thoroughly un-English lack of traditional reserve.

"She Flies Through The Air With The Greatest Of Ease"



A Striking Phase of the Dancing Act in Which Yvonne Sails So Gracefully Through the Air With Such Thrilling Grace.



Through the air with the greatest of ease.

The young woman has two husky partners. Although they get little of the fame that has come to her, they are

essential to her performance, because it is their strength and skill that makes it possible for her to sail through space so spectacularly and with such dramatic grace.

The Camera Caught the Graceful and Agile Yvonne in Midair, During Their Number on a Stage Darkened Except for the Glow in the Maw of the Metal Idol on the Right.

In the Hands of Her Powerful Partner the Pretty Dancer Seems to Have Got a Bit Twisted Up, but That's All in the Act. Confidently Being as Important to It as Grace and Rhythm.



The climax of the dance. With the Lady Still in What Seems an Uncomfortable Position, but Then, She's Supposed to be on a Pedestal or Something.



A Sheriff and Two Deputies Who Have Just Come Upon a Typical Mountaineer Distilling Plant in an Oklahoma Woodland. The Barrels in the Background Contain Mash, and the "Still" Is Capable of Producing 200 Gallons of Mountain Dew, or Moonshine, Each Day.

What a Mountaineer's "Moonshine Still" Looks Like

If the movie makers of Hollywood want to be accurate next time they have occasion to show a moonshiner's distillery hidden away in the mountains, they can get a few good tips from the photograph reproduced at the left.

This woodland whisky plant recently fell into the hands of the law not far from McAlester, Okla. A photographer went along with the deputy sheriffs who raided the establishment. He hoped for some action "shots" of bewhiskered moonshiners hanging away with their long-barreled rifles and of their red-handed capture. But there were no such pictures to be had. When the officers came upon the still, buried deep in the forest, the owners were somewhere else.

The clearing where the barrels of mash were located, along with the crude still, with a capacity of 200 gallons of tolerable corn "likker" a day, was a real beauty spot. The sun shone down through a protective canopy of green leaves and made shadowy patterns on the soft grass. The barrels were so placed that an observer in a plane couldn't have spotted them. The moonshiners knew this, as they knew that times have changed, and that "revenuers" sometimes wing through the sky as well as swoop through the woods looking for whisky that pays no taxes into the coffers of the State and the nation.

The cameraman who took one of the few pictures of this kind ever made, thus described his trip into the hills: "Woodland beauty probably meant little to the moonshiners who owned the still, but with the moon-covered stones, the trees and the wild flowers the spot was a picture of natural charm. After the officers and I left the road, we walked about two miles through rough, wooded country before we located the still. I guess we weren't far be-

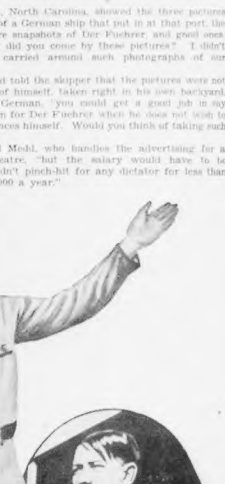
hind the moonshiners, because the still had been run the night before. The ground was marked with fresh tracks, but these clues, which might have led to the capture of the whisky makers, were lost a few yards from the clearing. The forest floor, with its carpet of dead leaves, showed no imprints nor any well-worn paths. Moonshiners are just as smart today as they ever were. Smarter, maybe.

Which of the Three is Adolph Hitler?

WHEN E. R. Mohr, of Wilmington, North Carolina, showed the three pictures reproduced below to the skipper of a German ship that put in at that port, the captain exclaimed, "But these are snapshots of Der Fuehrer, and good ones. Never have I seen better. Tell me, how did you come by these pictures? I didn't think any American carried around such photographs of our leader."

Mr. Mohr smiled and told the skipper that the pictures were not "shots" of Hitler, but of himself, taken right in his own backyard. "Maybe," said the German, "you could get a good job in my native country sitting in for Der Fuehrer when he does not want to make personal appearances himself. Would you think of taking such a job?"

"I might," replied Mohr, who handles the advertising for a Wilmington theatre, "but the salary would have to be plenty. I wouldn't pinch-hit for any dictator for less than \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year."



If You Can Pick Hitler From These Photos, You're More Than Clever, for None of Them Is the German Dictator.

Yes There Really Is Such a Bird

MOST people are familiar with men feathered as the pink flamingo, with its still, swan-like pose, both inhabitants of tropical climes. But not many individuals in this country could name the queer bird shown in this photograph below and tell you where he makes his home. The feathered stow, looking very much as though he had been made up with grease paint, is a puffin, and the photographer who snapped this

close-up of him traveled all the way to the north-eastern corner of the United States to take the picture and other "shots" of bird life in that section of the Maine coast up next to the Canadian border. To be definite, this puffin is one of thousands living on the cold waters of Muscongus Bay. It might seem that Mother Nature was in a whimsical mood when she created the puffin, but, as always, she had good reasons for making such a funny-looking creature and gave it just the proper coloring and equipment to get along in its environment. Ornithologists, who know all about this bird, its habits and its ways of life, say that the puffin is as efficient as it is fantastic. Its eyes, set way back in its head, are remarkably keen. The bird can perch on a cliff high above the sea and spot fish swimming many feet beneath the surface. Its head and body about the size of some of the smaller species of ducks, are cleverly streamlined, so that the creature can travel fast in the air and in the water.

The puffin is a crack diver and fisherman. His method of proving himself and his youngsters with food is to sit on the rocks high above the water and scan the surface for schools of small fish. At the proper instant the bird drops like a plummet, hits the water cleanly and disappears. When it emerges, its powerful beak usually is full of little fish. In its way, the puffin is as striking in appearance as its distant cousin, the pink flamingo, and the pelican, although it is much smaller than either and much less known. In the summer the comical-looking creature does its fishing as far north as the Arctic Circle, where fish are plentiful and human beings are extremely rare.



Here's What Audubon Society Experts Say Is a Fairly Handsome Specimen of a Puffin, Photographed Near Muscongus Bay, in Maine.

They Sell Themselves for a Year

EVERY year several thousand people make a strange pilgrimage to the little village of Montlaur, in central France. Some of these visitors are farmers looking for men and women to help them raise and harvest crops. Others are men and women seeking jobs. The rest of the assemblage is made up of curious spectators. On the day set for the event the employers and would-be workers gather in the market place. It is easy to tell the masters by their dress and their manner. It is even easier to pick out the men and women who have come to sign up for a year's work. The men wear wisps of straw in the lapels of their coats and the women put roses on their blouses. It is the custom for the job seekers from each community to stand together and for the farmers with jobs open to circulate from group to group looking over the applicants. When a farmer sees a sturdy young man who looks capable of swinging a scythe, pitch-

ing hay and milking cattle he often checks up on the physique of the job hunter by patting him testily on the chest and the back and feeling his shoulders and biceps. A somewhat different method is used with the young women and a pretty, pleasant face sometimes compensates for shortcomings in physique. It isn't often, however, that a thrifty French farmer—and they are celebrated for their ability to get plenty for francs expended—will make a deal with any man or woman who does not seem able to work hard, day after day. Before the days of post-war depression the wages for men ran from \$265 to \$320 a year, board and lodging thrown in. Women with farm experience could sign up at a scale ranging from \$130 to \$235 for 12 months. Boys—good about boys—from 15 to 18, could get paid that would net them about \$10 a month. Since the War, however, these prices have fallen about 30 per cent.



All Three Photographs Are Likenesses of the Same Man, E. R. Mohr, an Employee of a Wilmington, N. C., Theatre, and Famed as the Double of Herr Adolph, Mr. Mohr Would Like the Job of Doubling for Hitler, Even Though He Undoubtedly Incurs Much Danger. "But," He Adds, "I would want plenty of money for going around about stopping bullets intended for Der Fuehrer."

Sister Violet in Violet Hilton's Problems as a Wife

It Would Seem That It Would Take a Magician Like Houdini to Show Her and Ever-Present Sister Daisy How to Find the Way Out of Them, and They Both Say He Did---and Science Agrees It's Not Impossible



Mr. and Mrs. James Moore After the Wedding Ceremony, With Sister Daisy Accompanying Them on Their Honeymoon.



Sister Violet Hilton, Now Mrs. James Moore, With Her Husband at Their First Breakfast, With Sister Daisy Reading the Paper and Apparently Not Any More Present. Consciously, That, as She Says, "If I had gone out and shut the door."

VIOLLET, one of the attractive Hilton "Siamese" twins, was married a few days ago in Dallas, Texas, and probably on birth nor wife ever has had quite the same kind of problems which marriage brought to her.

This is because Violet since birth has been joined to sister Daisy by a bridge of bone, cartilage, blood vessels and nerves which springs from their spines and unites them inseparably.

The spiritual union of Violet and Mr. James Moore, late bridegroom, can of course be dissolved by divorce although the words of the ceremony do say: "Till death do you part." But not even death can part the Hilton twins, for if one dies the other must soon follow her. Therefore every minute of the day and night while they both live, Violet and Daisy must be inseparable. And therefore one can readily see what a curious state of affairs was created by Violet's marriage.

Between husband and wife exists the most intimate and personal relationship possible. Even the law recognizes that to third person have the slightest right to intrude. Yet any family that includes one of the Hilton sisters must include the other one. Privacy in the ordinary sense of the word is impossible. A third-party intrusion which the law of every country on earth would punish severely is simply not to be avoided.

It took in fact, a magician to give such a marriage even enough promise of working for the Hilton sisters for one to dare to try it. According to Violet and Daisy, that wonder-working magician was the famous Harry Houdini, even though he is dead. There is not, however, anything psychic about it, or any echo of Houdini's promise to try to return after he died and prove, either true or false, the stories of future life related by mediums, when Houdini spent most of his life fighting and exorcising. The way that Houdini made the Hilton marriage even thinkable was by psychological training that he gave the twins before he died. It happens to be training that might be of considerable use to married people who are not physically Siamese twins, any wife or husband who love each other.

Once before Houdini's prescription almost resulted in a divorce. It happened by one of the Hilton sisters. Sister Daisy had wanted to marry, and early enough, her sweetheart was a close friend of her sister's husband. But after he had tried unsuccessfully to wed in New York, New Jersey, Illinois and several other states, he gave up the man she wanted and so her comrade had an unhappy ending.

But now, since the gallant State of Texas decided that there is nothing in its law forbidding "Siamese" twins to seek happiness in marriage, and a Baptist minister found nothing in his Bible to make it wicked, Daisy has renewed hopes of rewriting her love-drama with the right ending, if another "right" man comes along.

The ceremony was performed on the fifty-yard line of the football stadium, at the Dallas Centennial Exposition. But probably everybody at the wedding realized that it is a long way from that fifty-yard line, to the touchstones of married happiness, because the obstacles of law and religion are almost insignificant, compared to those imposed by the freak of nature which joined a bride and her sister sister by that unbreakable link of cartilage and flesh.

In one of the photographs on this page, it is interesting to note the expression of concern, almost alarm, on the face of the kindly lady who is giving away the bride. As a married woman, she seems to be wondering how certain difficult situations are to be met by Violet, Violet's husband and sister Daisy. She is Mrs. May, wife of Rev. Henry A. May, who performed the ceremony. Even the bride herself full of confidence that all will be well, looks as if she too had suddenly thought of unsolved problems. Only the minister is doing his part with unworried composure. Ministers are always optimistic. Ministers are always optimistic. Ministers are always optimistic.

Better than that, Houdini, they say, convinced them that by training themselves mentally they could conquer or get around all the other handicaps with which their strange affliction was crushing them. He said: "Character will accomplish anything for you. Good character is nothing but good habits of thinking and bad character is just bad habits. You girls must train yourselves in special habits to fit your situation until they become second nature. You must learn to forget your physical link and develop mental independence. Do this, and you'll get anything you want."

They did it, and they not only became their own bosses but the bosses of a highly successful troupe of vaudeville performers. Few girls were at first trained in special habits to fit your situation until they become second nature. You must learn to forget your physical link and develop mental independence. Do this, and you'll get anything you want."

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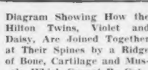


Diagram Showing How the Hilton Twins, Violet and Daisy, Are Joined Together at Their Spines by a Ridge of Bone, Cartilage and Muscle, Which Cannot Be Cut.

with which all psychologists agree, although few of them probably would have thought of applying it to the Hilton girls' situation, is control of mental concentration. It is well known that experts in abstract subjects such as mathematics or relativity may lose themselves so completely in the mental world they are exploring that they notice nothing going on outside them.

Thousands of stories are told of absent-minded professors who let the house burn down over them without realizing it was on fire, or who perform similar feats. The great Archimedes, recognized as probably the greatest mathematician who ever lived, lost his life at the siege of Syracuse because he was deep in a mathematical speculation and did not realize what was happening when a Roman soldier appeared in his room and questioned him.

Houdini's career of escapes from locks, handcuffs and similar devices, as well as his proficiency in other forms of stage magic, required this same kind of intense concentration. Locked in chains inside of a chest sunk in the river, with only a few seconds to escape before the water would drown him, Houdini had no time to let his mind wander. In addition to his other advice and encouragement, he told the Hilton twins this valuable secret.

By cultivating mental concentration, they would find it possible, he said, to live their own separate lives regardless of the necessary physical presence of the other. It literally would be true that each of them could forget for necessary minutes or even hours of privacy the presence or even the existence of the other one.

It really works, declares the new Mrs. Moore.

"When Maurice Lambert was courting Daisy," she says, "I quit paying attention and did not know what was going on. Sometimes I read and sometimes I just took a nap. Even before that we had learned how not to know what the other was doing unless it was our business to know it. I remember once when a young actor was rushing Daisy quite hard and finally got too fresh

with her. They had quite a little argument, but I was doing and didn't notice until I was finally waked up by a yank and a sharp cracking sound. Daisy had slapped him."

"That is so," said Daisy. "I was right in the middle of a good short story when Vi nudged me a couple of times and asked me to put the magazine down because she and Jimmy wanted to tell me something. They looked rather foolish and excited, so I asked them what was the matter with them."

"I've just asked your sister to marry me and she has accepted," said Jimmy. "We thought you might be interested."

"It was, of course, but they had to tell me all about it, because I had not heard a word they were saying. There will be times that call for private discussion of matters of interest only to husband and wife, and I will be as much out of them as if I had gone out and shut the door."

And when Jimmy kisses me good-night, which we think will be quite proper, considering that Vi can never wonder what we are up to while she is away, it will be good; too, until time to get up, unless the hotel catches fire or for some other reason they want my spiritual as well as my physical presence."

"That's the real truth, although I know most people won't believe it," agreed Violet. "She won't bother us any more than a nice little sleeping on the other pillow."

Mr. Moore, a dancer and trombone player with the Hilton troupe, and twenty-five years old, three years younger than the twins, says: "I have known the girls two years, long enough to know that what they say about presence of body and absence of mind is absolutely true. Daisy doesn't embarrass me at all, and what's more, I hope she finds the right man soon to make her as happy as Vi and I are."

Though the Hilton ceremony is the first public marriage of "Siamese" twins, there have been previous weddings which were kept secret for some time for fear of public disapproval. Chang and Eng, the original Siamese pair, who were born of Chinese parents, married women in the United States, settled down as prosperous farmers, and between them raised a double family of twenty-two normal children, at Mount Airy, N. C.

"The Hilton Sisters are not what is known as 'identical twins,' but ordinary ones, except for that extraordinary attachment between them. Violet, the bride, is a deep brunette, much darker than her sister, and, as a bride on the stage, they heard unkind whispers that the marriage was mostly for publicity. Of this Violet says:

"No, we didn't draw much attention drawn to this, but how could we get out of it? If we had been secretly married pretty soon there would have been unpleasant stories of too much intimacy, and we would have had to tell. We thought we might as well have it all over in one big publicity. Daisy is going to do the same some day. We are trying to be happy, like any other women, and nobody is going to scare us out of it."

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If We Could Really See the Things We Eat

But Sensitive People Are Better Off Not to Have Microscopic Eyes to Reveal the Countless Bacteria Swarming About and the Other Weird-Looking Things They Swallow



These Holes and Canyons Appear When a Slice of Bread Is Put Under the Microscope.

THE old axiom that everyone must eat a peck of dirt before he dies is an understatement. Most people eat many pecks of it and loads of microbes, the bulk of them quite harmless, many useful and some necessary. Not so many years ago red cane was colored by means of "bug juice" from the cochineal insect. This method is no longer in use, and that if ever just anyone, but because other dyes are cheaper and better.

All dead animal matter that does not belong to food is fortunately sweated. The most carcass "factory" truck to remove all flies from the scene, though they may have been thoroughly boiled and sterilized before the customer can see them. If he detects a scintilla of fly or hair, what would be his feelings if he had eyes to see that a portion of ripe cheese or a crumb of stale bread contains a germ population larger than the human population of the United States?

Beef bouillon, even when flyless, cooked immaculately and brought sterile and examing from the kitchen, might shock the squeamish stomacher if he could look down at the cup with an eye magnifying 50 times as much as the human eye. He would see staring up at him from the surface of broth innumerable, eyes, round and slightly beaming, like the repulsive, big, wet eyes of the beef parasite that was slaughtered to make the bouillon. Under 50 power magnification, some of these "eyes" which are really fat bubbles, "fat eyes," as the German chemists call them, within a gloomy area, while others merely close as if refusing to look at the person about to eat them.

A slice of fresh bread is a beautiful, white, uniform surface to the naked human eye, but to the tiny insect that finds a crumb on the floor it is a jagged glacier full of holes, as if torn by millions of explosions. That of course, is about what will happen when the little yeast germ starts the dough up with billions of minute gas bubbles. For these efforts in making the bread fit to eat, they were rewarded by being baked to death in the oven.

Germs are commonly called "bugs" which they are not. Most of them being technically to the eye, invisible, but some, seen under the microscope, jump around with such speed that if humps and cabages were squashed into the jar, they would jump to being them down with a slugish before even his dog would be quick enough to catch so much as a small potato or young ear of corn for him.

Pasteurization is supposed to kill most of the germs in milk, including any dangerous ones which should not be there anyway. The best-known and least-kind of this milk is the brand of milk-moosers. Recently there were reports from a certain body of medical researchers stating that these germs are largely responsible for tooth decay. Some people, with strange disregard for whether the dentist makes a living or not, urged that there ought to be a law compelling all milk to be pasteurized as soon as possible after it is jerked from the cow. But if the dentist has no friends that germ has. Instead specialists now prefer that the intestinal seed plenty of the sour milk germ, alive, for them to do their



White Pepper Grains Enlarged and, at the Left, Minute Bits of Ground Sweet Chili Which Are Commonly Used to Adulterate Pepper.

job properly. So again, it is just as well for the customer's peace of mind that by looking cross-eyed into his glass of milk man to his teeth and kind to his intestine or the opposite.

A drop of pond water, seen under the low-power lens, is a veritable devil dance by a multitude of all sorts of repulsive-looking forms of life. Ponds often empty into reservoirs, but most of these performers have been filtered or arrested out before the water reaches the kitchen faucet. Turn on the high-power lens, however, and it reveals a whole new cast of performers in the microbial class. These are minuscule in size compared to some others, known as filter-passers, who trickle between the molecules of salt, whereas filterers are too small to be seen even by the ultra-microscope and are known to exist only by what they do to bigger things.

The great majority of microbes appear in a slimy pond, are harmless, and no board of health would dare sterilize the entire world of them all even if it could. They have their job in Nature's economy, and removing them

might upset the balance of things beyond repair.

Preserves on the shelf would no longer ferment, beer, wine, and cider would remain soft to the joy of the prohibitionist, milk would not sour, nor meat and eggs spoil, but crops would die for lack of the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which would be only one of the long chain of calamities, including the death of most fish in the sea, because the ultimate food of the majority depends on the microscopic plankton to be found by the millions at the surface, even in mid-ocean.

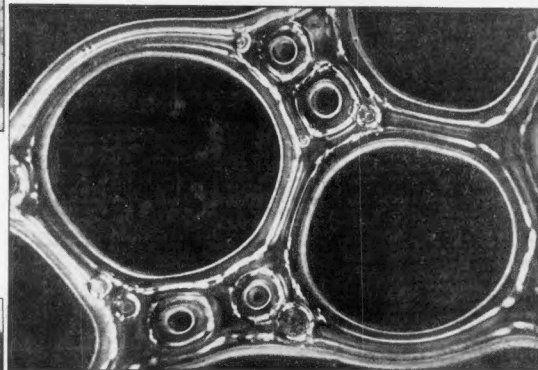
A bit further the fly may spot what to his "bi-focal" looks like a whole field of huge melons. April fool! for the fly, which soon gets off again, because the things are pepper-corn. To the fly cruising around the kitchen, a dish of rice-grains must look like huge ingots of glass, covered with dust. That untidy dust, however, is valuable, as proved by the fact that the Japanese had to stop living on polished rice because their scientists found it to be the cause of the scourge known as beriberi.

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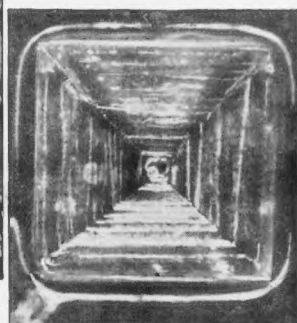
Some of the dangerous microbes, such as those of diphtheria, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, sleeping sickness and the



A Spoonful of Rice Greatly Magnified.



What the Top of a Spoonful of Soup Reveals to the Microscope. This Curious Design Is Produced by the Thin Film of Fat Globules Which Float on Top.



A Grain of Salt Greatly Magnified.



How a Dried Drop of Lemonade Looks With the Crystals of Citric Acid Visible Under the Microscope.



And This Is How a Drop of Cold Coffee Looks After It Has Dried and Reveals Crystals of Caffeine.



Alarming Appearance of a Drop of Water Enlarged 200 Times. Some of These Objects Are Alive and Swimming About, but Are Not Visible to the Human Eye.

amela of anable dysentery, would be comparatively harmless if their victims could see their enemies in time, looking up at them from the food, dishes and silverware. They would then run from the table as if a rattlesnake were bathing in the soup.

Many of these germ assassins are brought to the food by flies. This creature, filthy though it is, exhibits some notions of personal cleanliness. Much of its time when not flying, eating, quite vigorous attempts at cleaning itself, especially its bulging eyes. In order to keep fungus growth from springing up between the facets.

A man in good health and spirits, one evening bought some figs and ate them as he walked along the street. He was so pleased with their unusually snappy flavor that when he reached home he offered his wife some. She looked at them and squealed. "You eat the rest," she demanded, backing away from her husband as if he were a leper. The man picked up the figs, took one and ran for the bathroom, in the throes of nausea. They were alive with worms. By the time the doctor arrived he could hardly hold his head up, but the medical man smiled. He assured the very ill husband that those particular worms were quite harmless; in fact, a nutritious and digestible food. The violent nausea had been caused entirely by the irresistible prejudice among Western peoples against eating animal food alive, except oysters and clams. The physician was invited to eat the rest, but he confessed to the same prejudice.

"It is a good thing for our appetites," smiled the doctor, "that we haven't microscopic eyes and cannot see into the tempting dishes which the waiter places before us with a proud flourish. These are often prepared salted and garnished with fearful and wonderful things not mentioned on the menu."

A Scientific Explanation of the Biblical 10 Plagues

Dr. Charles J. Brim, Eminent Hebrew Scholar, Explains that Moses May Have Polluted the Nile Waters and So

Caused the Sequence of Afflictions Which Brought About the Exodus



A Map of the Nile River in Egypt, Showing the Locations of the Ten Plagues.

Quint Drawings of Nine of the Ten Plagues. From a Thirteenth Century Hagadah, or Story of the Exodus.



First Plague—All the waters were turned to blood.—Ex. VII:20.



Second Plague—"And the frogs came up."—Ex. VIII:6.



Third Plague—"The dust became lice."—Ex. VIII:17.



Fourth Plague—"Cattle of Egypt died."—Ex. IX:3.

The biblical ten plagues with which Moses afflicted the Egyptians were not miracles. They were brought about by the Prophet's scientific recognition of cause and effect, a recognition entirely modern. He knew that the health and life of man in the Nile Valley depended primarily upon the waters of the Nile. He knew precisely what results would follow the pollution of these waters, and he knew precisely, as the scientists of today would, in what order the consequences would occur.

So he did pollute those waters, where and how is not known to us. And after this pollution, he was able to go before Pharaoh and predict the various plagues, and thus bring about the Exodus of the Israelites from the Egyptian slavery.

The existing and entirely new version of the Delivery from Egypt is advanced by Dr. Charles J. Brim of Beth Israel Hospital, New York City, a distinguished Hebraist, in a book called "Moses in the Bible," published by the Free Press, New York. Dr. Brim is not only a distinguished physician, but is internationally known as a Hebrew scholar.

How Moses gathered such advanced scientific knowledge cannot be determined today. But he was adopted by Queen Hatshepsut, daughter of Ramesses II, had a high place in the court and knew the secrets of the Egyptian priesthood. After his flight from Egypt, after he had killed the avenger of Pharaoh's handmaid, he lived for forty years with Jethro, Priest of Midian, father of his wife, Jethro might have taught him secrets of science not yet discovered by the Egyptians. For Jethro was a very wise man, as he proved later when he came to Moses in the wilderness and told him how to organize control over the Israelites, he told in Exodus, 18, vs. 17 to 22.

Dr. Moses may have been one of those universal geniuses who did not need tuition in sanitary science, like Leonardo da Vinci, who, five hundred years before aviation, made sketches which the Wright brothers might have profited from.

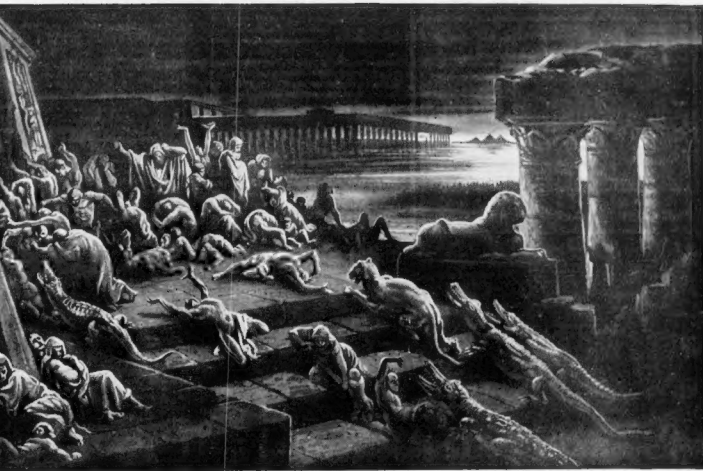
The ten plagues, as every student of the Bible knows, were in this order:

1. Changing the water into blood.
2. The frogs.
3. The lice.
4. The flies.
5. The murrain of cattle.
6. Boils on the Egyptians.
7. Hail.
8. The locusts.
9. The darkness.
10. The death of the first-born.

It is as follows that in his book Dr. Brim explains this series of afflictions and their cause.

"Several thousand years ago the Hebrews conquered the Egyptians not by the use of arms, not by superior manpower, but by the powerful agency of their knowledge of public health. Moses, outwitted Pharaoh's armies (Hoshebi ha-Mitzrayim), he laughed at the Egyptians, says the Hebrew text. He outwitted them, this will go down in history. The Bible says: 'They will tell it to their children.'"

"Thus the great health administrator and founder of the science of hygiene and public health, demonstrated that the employment of medical science could annihilate man and beast more effectively than the combined use of arms and man-power."



The Ninth Plague—The Plague of Darkness. "And there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days."—Ex. X:22. From the Painting by Gustave Doré.

"All the waters of the land of Egypt were polluted. Not only the waters of the Nile, but the waters of all the streams, brooks, lakes, artificial waterways, bathing pools, bath houses, and dwellings were so affected that the Egyptians could not drink water, nor bathe themselves, nor wash their clothes for a period of seven days."

"The effect of this was a diminution in one of the staple foods of the country. The fish in the river died and 'stunk up the land,' and the Egyptians themselves were exhausted trying to find a remedy."

"The water being poisoned everywhere, the frogs had to leave their natural haunts. They invaded the beaches, streets, houses, beds, and, according to Rashi, even the inside of the Egyptians themselves." But this was not all, for soon these enormous hordes of frogs died, and were prepared for removal in heaps, just as the snow in ice is heaped up into mounds and prepared for the arrival of wagons to remove them. Naturally, the removal took several days, and during this period the air of the country had become vitiated by the poisons of the decomposing matter, and the soil became an ideal breeding place for all sorts of bacteria, for the streets, roads and fields were filled with this dried-up mass of decaying matter.

"The land stank."

"It does not take long for people to become verminous, especially in hot countries, if personal hygiene is neglected. For a week the Egyptians were practically without water; they could not wash their bodies nor their clothes, for the supply from their new wells which they had begun to dig would not suffice."

"The Egyptians became verminous and their animals became likewise infested with vermin."

"The swarms (charatim) now realized that this was not due to magic, but was a sequence of medical conditions, based on hygienic principles. 'Ezra Ekhim,' they said, 'the finger of God,' a planned attack."

"The filth of dead matter, which filled the land attracted swarms of flies, which irritated and annoyed both humans and animals."

"In the hot climates there are numerous parasitic flies that invade the body cavities and the integument, and cause epidemics of untold suffering of man and beast. The flower-fly, the blowfly, the bot-fly of the ox and the sheep attack man and cause gastro-intestinal afflictions, dysentery and cutaneous lesions, especially myiasis, in which an extreme weakness becomes living, ulcerated, and spreads all over the body, accompanied by huge boils."

"Flies are hatched out in manure heaps and other organic matter which decomposes. The Egyptians were now exposed to the dangers of these insects."



Fifth Plague—"The cattle of Egypt died."—Ex. IX:6.

sects and were not acquainted with the knowledge of protection against infection by safeguarding their food from invasion by these flies."

"Irritation by flies, infestation with lice, lack of sleep—these led to a lowering of the resistance and a susceptibility to disease in man and beast. This state was intensified by a very unhygienic environment, an insanitary dwelling place."

"Weakened by thirst, polluted water, bad food, irritation of flies and lice, the animals of the fields were the first to feel the ill effects. Horses, asses, camels, cows, sheep became diseased, emaciated and succumbed."

"The food supplies became contaminated and diminished, and skin diseases became prevalent. Allergic rashes developed and the severe itching caused scratching, which was followed by infection and development of sores which festered."

"The air became saturated with dust particles laden with bacteria which came from the sore throats, skin infections, diarrheas and other infected excreta, and when a hail storm descended upon the stricken country, it not only caused damage to cattle, houses and crops, but, passing over polluted soil, it further contaminated the water systems and carried death and destruction in its wake."

"Dust storms blew up clouds of insects of various types; and they destroyed the remaining crops which evaded the ravages of the terrific hail storms. Locusts and caterpillars did irreparable damage to plants and humans."

"The greatest damage, however, was done by the locusts, which covered the country. They did eat every herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left."

"Driver says, 'The darkness was occasioned, no doubt, by a sandstorm produced by the hot electrical wind called the Hansin. These winds are violent and often as hot as the air of an oven and they frequently raise such an amount of sand and dust as to darken the sun.'"

"The tenth and last plague, death, was a natural consequence of all that had happened to the Egyptians from the day the water supply was polluted till the last bite of the infecting fly. The epidemic had reached its peak and the Egyptians, with death all around them, became panic-stricken."

Dr. Brim does not explain how the first plague polluted the Nile, it must have been done when the river was low, by going to a point beyond Memphis, for instance, the polluting agency could have spread into its various streamlets, as the sluggish stream made its way north."

Neither does Dr. Brim explain how Moses foretold the hail to threaten Pharaoh with it, but it is quite possible that, owing to his long experience in Midian he could judge atmospheric conditions with precision and saw signs of the coming hail."

The Bible does not say explicitly, as is the general idea, that at the tenth plague only the first-born died. It does say: "And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon." (Exodus xii:29.) The epidemic killed many others, but in the death of the first-born lay the great calamity, for the first-born son was the heir to Pharaoh's throne, and the chief in every Egyptian household. Their deaths would have seemed more important than others, and the thing to be chronicled.

It is very easy to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon. It is very easy to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon. It is very easy to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon.

Dr. Brim's interpretation of the biblical plague is correct. Moses anticipated by some 3,000 years the greatest form of present day sanitation—the use of disease germs, water pollution and other attacks on sanitation as weapons in modern warfare."



Sixth Plague—"The boils came upon all the Egyptians."—Ex. IX:11.



Seventh Plague—"And the Lord rained hail."—Ex. IX:13.



Eighth Plague—"The locusts came over all Egypt."—Ex. X:14.



Tenth Plague—"The Lord smote all the first-born."—Ex. XII:29.

Another Once Pampered Beauty Finds a Pauper's Grave

Final Curtain of the Riches-to-Rags Drama of "Old Kate" Who Dropped From Stardom Into the Gutter But Never Lost Her Courage and Is Mourned by London Beggars and Aristocracy Alike

LONDON, Aug. 15.—THERE are but a few middle-aged English women to be seen in the gutter. There are none provided for by the state. There are none provided for by the state. There are none provided for by the state.

The rickety, weatherbeaten chair opposite the Gaiety Theatre in which Old Kate sat for fifteen years as she sold her matches while gazing across the street at the scene of her former triumphs was filled with flowers. The battered umbrella which had shielded her against many London snows and rains was placed carefully by its side. And aloof, unemotional Englishmen reverently raised their hats and unashamedly brushed tears from their eyes as they passed the "pitch" or peddling spot vacated by the "Woman With No Regrets."

It was back in the glamorous twenties that Oscar Wilde coined a singularly appropriate epigram. "All of us are in the gutter but some of us are looking up at the stars," he said. When he did so, he and all London were admiring the beautiful young American actress Katherine Lucille Foste, who was making a triumphal appearance in "The Girl From Omaha," a play written expressly for her.

Katherine was looking up at the stars then. And she never stopped looking up at them ever after she left the stage, passing through three fortunes and after a great many disappointments and tragedies actually landed in the gutter—or rather at her "pitch" opposite the Gaiety Theatre.

There was courage of a high order in Katherine's makeup, courage which enabled her to carry on when another beautiful girl, a theatrical friend of hers, gave up in despair when she was not received. That friend was Eleanor Souray. Later Miss Souray became Lady Torrington. Later still she lost all her money and committed suicide. But Katherine, who had become "Old Kate," kept on going.

Old Kate's right on selling matches.

Katherine was twenty when she went to Paris from Adrian Michigan, where she was born in 1871. Descendant of a prominent Michigan family, she took a house with her mother on the Champs Elysees. Paris thrilled her and the stage did even more so.

Despite her social position and her mother's objections she decided that she would go on the stage. She studied elocution. She studied dancing. She studied acting. She studied everything. She studied everything. She studied everything.

Beautiful Katherine took London by storm when she appeared in a small part in "Light's London." Critics acclaimed her art and a long line of lucky sick awaits waiting right for her at the stage door. Soon she became one of the most famous leading ladies of the London stage.

America, Australia, Africa, heard of her. Her fame became world-wide and she received many flattering offers. She decided to tour Australia, and when the London season ended she sailed for Sydney.

There she met a dashing young English captain, Frank M. Perry, and returned her life for the first time. She married him and they lived happily for a year until he was stricken with sickness and died.

Overwhelmed by the tragedy the young bride returned to London and tried to forget by returning to the stage. She was a failure as a writer as well as an actress, and soon London again was assailing her and the lines of sinners were waiting at the stage door.

Of all the silk-clad young gentlemen who waited for her nightly, Mr. E. C. Newton, the nephew of a former Lord Mayor of London, and son of a wealthy shipbuilder, was the most persistent. He could not be coaxed to sleep. He literally waited the stage door waiting for beautiful Katherine to emerge each night.

Perhaps it was his devotion which appealed to her. Perhaps she turned to him to forget Captain Perry. Whatever it was, Katherine showed him preference over the many who sought her favor and in doing so, the second tragedy entered her life.



"Old Kate," Katherine Lucille Foste of Distinguished American Ancestry, in the Days When She Had Everything Her Heart Desired and Never Dreamed She Would Sometime Sell Matches.



"Old Kate," as She Sat for Years Outside the Gaiety Theatre Selling Her Matches.



Kate's Empty Chair, Her Old Umbrella Leaning Against It, Her Coat Over It, Arms, Filled With Flowers, the Tribute of Those Who Admired Her, and for Days It Stood at Her Old Stand While Those Who Knew Her Raised Their Hats Reverently as They Passed.

"There's no sense in running away from trouble," she said to herself. "I must face it."

Quietly she returned to London, and when she did so, the fate disappeared. Later she met Mr. Tolson (Laurie) Maas, a calm and substantial business man. He seemed to give strength and peace to her badly shattered spirit. She married him and for twenty years they lived a peaceful married life in a London suburb while the stage forgot the glimmerously beautiful actress. Katherine Lucille Foste.

Then when Mr. Maas died of heart trouble, Katherine did a very strange thing. She took the \$35,000 which he had left her, went to Monte Carlo and plunged it at the gaming tables. One night she started the veteran gamblers by running her stake up to \$125,000. The following night she made them gasp when she lost that entire amount on a single turn of the wheel.

"There's no sense in running away from trouble," they heard her say to



Sometimes "Old Kate" Would Take Her Chair From the Entrance of the Gaiety Theatre, Where She Had Once Been a Star, and Go Back to the Gaiety Door, Selling There the Ghost of Herself at the Height of Her Career Pass Through It With the Other Old Companions of Memory.

care to occupy it. At length she found a spot in one of the never-thoroughfares which have taken the place of older streets in central London. Right opposite the Gaiety Theatre, built on the site of the old theatre she had scored so many triumphs, she came to rest. Here on a rickety chair she set up her pitch, at times moving around to the stage door to keep company with the ghosts of the past and her own memories. She sold matches here for fifteen years.

Each evening as London's younger crop of stage-door Johnnies waited for the pretty young things of the current musical show to trip lightly through the door and meet their dates, she saw in her imagination the ardent young blades of the Nineties waiting for her. Through each long day she smiled cheerfully at the customers who paused to buy a penny's worth of matches, refusing all offers of help, even when told to "keep the change."

Shortly after she took up her pitch, one evening, a middle-aged, expensively dressed woman paused in front of her. She was Lady Torrington, who as the beautiful Eleanor Souray had once shared a dressing room with her in the Gaiety Theatre.

Recognition was instant and mutual. "Eleanor— is it you?"

Old Kate was touched with the pathetic appearance of her old friend—tragic in spite of her expensive clothes. "It is," said Lady Torrington. "I'm fat broke, too. Lost all my money on my horse." She looked at Old Kate's wares. "Can you make a living selling those things?" she asked.

"I know only—that it is all." Old Kate sensed what was passing through the other's mind.

"No, Eleanor," she warned, "you'll have to find another stand. You and I can't both sell in front of this theatre. One woman bothering the patrons of the theatre is nuisance enough."

"I see," said Lady Eleanor, who didn't consider herself an old woman by any means. "I fancy I don't want to sell matches anyways. There is an easier way out."

Something stirred in Old Kate. She looked searchingly into the other's face. "There's no sense in running away from trouble," she said. "You must face it."

But her well-meant advice proved futile. That night the once beautiful Lady Eleanor went home, stuffed up all the cracks in her dingy little flat and turned on the gas. Old Kate heard about the tragically next day.

Years passed. Old Kate became a landmark. The pretty young things of the theatre across the street got in the habit of discussing their affairs of the heart with her and sought her kindly philosophical advice. Stage-door Johnnies would pause at her pitch before calling at the stage door to buy a package of matches "for luck." And though she held herself aloof from the other peddlers who had their pitch on nearby streets, they had only kind words for her. "Old Kate—there is a lady," they said emphatically.

One day recently Old Kate failed to appear at her customary pitch. Passers-by began to wonder. Only then did they realize how little they knew about the old match-seller. Interested friends knew that a friendly taxi driver deposited her at her pitch each morning and picked her up each evening. When they questioned him, they discovered that Old Kate lived at one of the Vicar Houses, residences which had been established for the poor of London. And it was here, in a small, neat room, that they found Old Kate in her last brief illness. She died three days later.

The day of Kate's funeral was the wettest, rainiest day of 1906. As she was given a parish funeral and her body in a polished casket was conveyed to the last resting place, her fellow peddlers gathered at her pitch opposite the theatre.

They filled her chair with flowers purchased with their own few hard-earned pennies and went hungry so they could make their humble contributions. At the side of the chair they placed her old umbrella. And Old Kate's many customers, as they brought more flowers for the chair, uncovered their heads as reverently as did the few old friends who followed the coffin to the grave where Old Kate was laid to final rest.



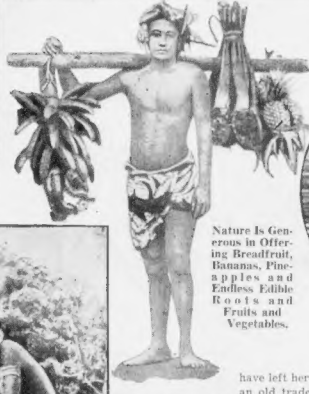
A Typical Half-Breed Girl of Tahiti, a "Vahine"; a Charmer Who Is Always on the Lookout for Someone With a Fatter Pocketbook Than Her Present Admirer.



Copra Is What the Coconut Meat Is Called. Coconuts Are Rich in Fat and Most of the Soap Used by the Civilized World Is Made With Coconut Oil. Coconuts Are the Great Source of Wealth of the Tropical Islands.



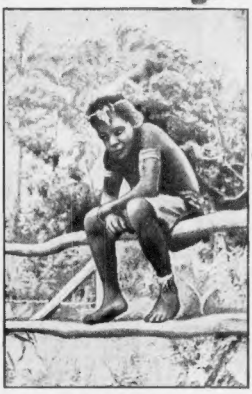
A Native Girl



Nature Is Generous in Offering Breadfruit, Bananas, Pineapples and Endless Edible Roots and Vegetables.



Group of Native Girls



"What's the Sense of Working?"

THE travelers on the tourist ships which touch at some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean see very little but the conventional scenes arranged for them as they are hurried about; and then the ship pulls out for another hasty visit. But Ida Treat, an American woman who has traveled all over the world, has recently spent many months among the South Sea Islands studying the natives. Miss Treat is a paleontologist and a member of the Museum of Natural History, Paris. On this page, today, she reveals some interesting observations and experiences among the natives of these palm-fringed coral island paradises.

By IDA TREAT
World Traveler and Paleontologist.

CHAPTER I

WHEN I left Marseilles on the steamship Ville de Strasbourg for Tahiti, my first stopping place in the South Sea Islands, I listened eagerly to the comments of passengers who had had experience on the islands.

"You can live nicely on bananas for two francs a day," says one of them. "Raw fish is not at all bad when it has been soaked for hours in lemon juice. You don't need a hat. You can go all the year with one garment without feeling cold."

"The Tahitians are surprisingly generous. They will give you everything they have without asking a cent. They do nothing but sing, dance and amuse themselves. They never work, for in such a country there is no need of it. There are hidden treasures on all the islands. Anybody may find them."

"And the women," remarks a middle-aged gentleman with a lively eye. "When the ship is in the harbor of Papeete, you can see them diving out of the portholes every morning and swimming ashore."

But I also heard a different note. "It rains a great deal and the air is full of humidity," said an old official. "It is a bad climate for rheumatic people. You must never go bare-footed or you will catch leprosy. All your silk dresses will be devoured by cockroaches. Even Europeans are liable to catch syphilis." (Here he produced some photographs that made the ladies shudder.)

At last I was thrilled to see the much discussed islands. One night they pointed out to me a black spot in the sky near the Southern Cross which is said to be the hole through which the souls of dead Tahitians pass to heaven. Beneath it I could make out the vague outlines of land. At dawn the next morning the port of Tahiti with its little white schooners stretched along the quay and its red clock tower lay under my eyes. The arrival of a ship of the Messageries Maritimes is a great event and every variety of half-breed, mostly girls, from dark brown to light yellow, turns up on the quay to greet the travelers. This Tahiti is not exactly the one that Pierre Loti wrote about. It is rather a Tahiti that suggests the French Riviera crossed with Hollywood. You see beach dresses, pajamas, slippers, loquacious and little hats worn over the ear. You see some girls from the native districts with luxurious hair reaching half-way down their thighs, but they do not venture to mix with the elegance of the town.

But all are very hospitable to the stranger whether their hair is short or long. I go to a so-called palace hotel, the Lafayette. Everybody dances in the evening. It is a tradition that on the first night of landing everybody, passengers, crew and the little Tahitian girls should dance together. We dance and drink even a little too much and flirt. There are liaisons, quarrels, tears, scenes. Vahine—girl—is the first and prettiest Tahitian word that the stranger learns. He always knows it even before the boat is made fast to the dock at Tahiti. Pierre Loti in his "Rarahu" has told the

romance of the vahine of Tahiti. The timid novelist never went near her except in imagination and through the adventure of his brother. It is well-known that this writer, who has made the amours of Tahiti famous, never indulged in any liaison during his whole stay there.

From the deck of the ship many curious eyes look down on all these pretty girls, grouped in the shadow of the copra shed, their black locks falling on shoulders that modern fashion leaves as bare as in the old days of the native pareo. Some of them come forward boldly, allured by the candies of Europe and the perfumes of France with which the new arrivals, both sailors and tourists, are generous.

"Shameless hussies," remarks a fashionable lady tourist pursuing her life.

"I think you should go gently, madam," I reply. "The word is a hard one to apply to Tahiti. Call them if you wish 'daughters of joy,' in the best sense of the word. They are, perhaps, the only ones left in the world today."

The girls we meet first are called Jenny, Nina and Marcelle. They have European names as well as clothes. From a Polynesian mother they have inherited the black hair, the slightly almond-shaped eyes, the brown skin, but only a little brown, for the father, grandfather, and perhaps even the great grandfather, was a white man. From these they have inherited the slender figure, the fine features and the pale skin on which the powder used by the Tahitian women is hardly seen. In the dress of these young women there is nothing loud, nothing which suggests shabbiness. It is these half-breeds whom the traveler sees first and he hardly notices the girls of robust bodies with copper-colored skin, broad noses and fleshy lips. These latter are real Tahitians, girls from the native districts like those revealed to us by the painter Gauguin.

Jean, the young Frenchman come to settle in the islands, does not waste time with them, for they are barefooted, dressed in cheap cotton and wear hats of woven bamboo as large as a bicycle wheel. Jean keeps his French taste for the chic woman. For him the vahine of Tahiti will probably always be Jenny, or Nina, or Marcelle.

But Jean as a prudent traveler does not become entangled upon the spot. He has not the manners of a sailor. He will go first to drink beer at Quinn's and then to dance at the Lafayette and then consult a native chauffeur or a friend already settled in Papeete who will give him a vast amount of advice. Guided by them he will make the acquaintance of the vahines and will meet, let us say, Jenny. The life of Jenny has been like that of Marcelle or Nina and all their sisters who have come to the town to amuse themselves during the few years of their youth. She grew up in one of the native districts with her Tahitian step-father in a hut of "mua" leaves, or perhaps of boards with a verandah, for the white father may have done things well before returning to his own country. One fine day when she was fifteen years old she set out for Papeete. No one had any objection to this move.

Sooner or later that has got to happen with all the girls," said her mother, "and it is better that the tane (friend) should be a popaa (white man)

who will have the money to keep her instead of a countryman who will give her a baby and send her home to us.

The mother would not be shocked if maternity should happen to Jenny, but the father, who is a kind of deacon in the church, would prefer that such accidents should occur elsewhere than under his roof. So Jenny goes away to Papeete to live with a friend or relation and amuse herself, which with Tahitian girls always means to wear pretty dresses.

"Once when the vanilla trade was good," said Jenny, "I had a new dress every Saturday, for every motion picture show. I had crepe de chine at \$7 a yard, and Chinese shawls which cost \$100 to \$150. Tourists had plenty of dollars in those days."

Today Jenny's old mother when she goes to church on Sunday still wears one of those fine Canton shawls, heavy with embroidery, but for a long time Jenny's little sisters and friends have worn out their silk dresses. The good times are over.

"Now," says Jenny, "we must wear pongee or cotton and we have fewer dresses than before." Jenny refuses to believe that fashion originates in France.

"The French women are badly dressed," she said, "when they come here. They wear little dresses that look like nothing at all and they copy ours. But the Americans, they are smart women."

To have dresses, even of pongee, a generous friend is necessary. Age matters little in a man. Tahiti is the paradise of old men, and if he possesses a car, then no young man no matter how handsome he may be can compete with him. Jenny considers it natural that her friend Marcelle should

have left her young Englishman for an old trader of Papeete when he bought a car. She only values money to buy dresses and the car for pleasure parties. These pleasure parties mean going in a crowd to some faraway beach with wreaths of flowers over the girls' ears. They invite friends and musicians.

Here, on the beach, as they say, (Come along the white man is saying).

The car is filled to bursting. On the beach they eat and drink seated in a circle under the moon, followed by songs and hupa-hupa dances lasting for hours. If the white man understands the morals of Tahiti he will let his girl do as she pleases, or he will find himself left.

If Jean is jealous he will be looked upon as worse than a white man without money or one who does not want to spend it. Jenny will show him the young navy doctor sitting alone at Quinn's. He was very much in love with his vahine and wanted to shut her up in his villa at Mamoo and keep her for himself. Now he sits alone while at the next table a group of young girls laugh pitilessly at him, calling him the mauu (moon-faced man) and Jenny laughs the loudest.

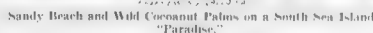
At the moment when Jean landed, Jenny was without a friend. Her last adventure with a Scandinavian artist ended when the preceding steamship went away. Like the other girls, as soon as one affair was over she had to find another. She did not hunt for it, but awaited it, living under the roof of a friend's hut knowing that the opportunity would soon come.

She has welcomed Jean from France just as she would have welcomed John from America. "Perhaps this is the millionaire at last," she says. This expectation dates from old times when every new arrival was considered a millionaire. Jean is not that, but Jenny's dresses do not cost much today, one can amuse oneself as well drinking beer as champagne and if one does not own a car it is easy to go to the fete as a taxi.

Jenny reckons on ending this kind of life some day. She is an optimist and is convinced that some day a friend will build her a good hut on the edge of the lagoon and may even marry her—it has often happened. Then Jenny will become a serious woman and mother of a family and will bring up her daughters until they are ready to go off to the town and have some fun.

Having spent all the money he cares to, Jean will grow tired of Jenny and neither she nor any of her friends will want him. Then he will declare that he is sick of Tahiti and is going to see the really wild islands of the South Seas—Tuamotu, or some of the other groups, then he will make the acquaintance of the vahines of the remote islands.

Coral Islands, the Easy es—Cocoanuts, ssionaries

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There is a great deal of talk about the "new" American literature, and it is true that there has been a great deal of new writing. But the new literature is not a new literature. It is a literature that has been written by a new generation of writers, and it is a literature that has been written in a new style. The new literature is a literature that has been written by a new generation of writers, and it is a literature that has been written in a new style. The new literature is a literature that has been written by a new generation of writers, and it is a literature that has been written in a new style.

ing toward me with a wheel, "do I want it? If you wish to see the country, I will let you have service."

I saw the numbers 10 p.w. I was holding on the

"Do you like Papa's?" he continued. "It's a nice little place, especially when you need a rest up. The surrounding scenery is so pretty. Tomorrow if you wish I will take you for a walk around the island, or this evening, after tea, I can show you a place where you can recline on the ground and then there will be nothing more."

I interrupted him to explain that I was not exactly a tourist, but that a house was waiting for me at the edge of the lagoon ten miles from the town.

"Oh," he said. "I know that house. It was finished yesterday. I did not know it was for you. Good. I will look after your baggage and I will pass through the customs quick."

He went off gaily and confidently to look for his large son. This son of the islands with his air of a young sportsman looking for fun (a fact, possibly, of which he was not aware), a handsome man, dressed in a pillbox hat. He offered no explanation of cigarettes remarking, "It is American to be happy. You can keep it if you have not any." It did not cost any more here than in New York." The conversation went on throughout the trip. I learned the name of each villa's owner, the story of his business and some details more or less spicy about

"Foreigners have plenty of fun in Tahiti," said my social guide. When we had reached our destination my driver pocketed the fare with an indifferent gesture and gave me his hand. "I'll see you again soon," he said. "If you grow bored here, the emphasized these words with a wink of his long eyelid, then you have only to telephone to the stage."

It is the chieftain of Papete next to the vahines who give the place its particular character.

$$M(\mathcal{C}) = \{ \langle \mathcal{C}_1, \mathcal{C}_2 \rangle \mid \mathcal{C}_1 \cup \mathcal{C}_2 = \mathcal{C}, \mathcal{C}_1 \cap \mathcal{C}_2 = \emptyset, \mathcal{C}_1 \neq \emptyset, \mathcal{C}_2 \neq \emptyset \}$$

where $M = \frac{1}{2}(m_1 + m_2)$, $\Delta m = m_2 - m_1$, $\Delta t = t_2 - t_1$, $\Delta x = x_2 - x_1$, $\Delta y = y_2 - y_1$, $\Delta z = z_2 - z_1$, $\Delta t^2 = (t_2 - t_1)^2$, $\Delta x^2 = (x_2 - x_1)^2$, $\Delta y^2 = (y_2 - y_1)^2$, $\Delta z^2 = (z_2 - z_1)^2$, $\Delta t \Delta x = (t_2 - t_1)(x_2 - x_1)$, $\Delta t \Delta y = (t_2 - t_1)(y_2 - y_1)$, $\Delta t \Delta z = (t_2 - t_1)(z_2 - z_1)$, $\Delta x \Delta y = (x_2 - x_1)(y_2 - y_1)$, $\Delta x \Delta z = (x_2 - x_1)(z_2 - z_1)$, $\Delta y \Delta z = (y_2 - y_1)(z_2 - z_1)$, $\Delta t \Delta x \Delta y = (t_2 - t_1)(x_2 - x_1)(y_2 - y_1)$, $\Delta t \Delta x \Delta z = (t_2 - t_1)(x_2 - x_1)(z_2 - z_1)$, $\Delta t \Delta y \Delta z = (t_2 - t_1)(y_2 - y_1)(z_2 - z_1)$, $\Delta x \Delta y \Delta z = (x_2 - x_1)(y_2 - y_1)(z_2 - z_1)$, $\Delta t^2 \Delta x = (t_2 - t_1)^2(x_2 - x_1)$, $\Delta t^2 \Delta y = (t_2 - t_1)^2(y_2 - y_1)$, $\Delta t^2 \Delta z = (t_2 - t_1)^2(z_2 - z_1)$, $\Delta x^2 \Delta y = (x_2 - x_1)^2(y_2 - 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the two main types of the model. The first type is the so-called "static" model, which assumes that the system is in a steady state. The second type is the "dynamic" model, which assumes that the system is in a non-steady state. The static model is more commonly used in the literature, but the dynamic model is more realistic. The static model is based on the assumption that the system is in a steady state, which means that the variables of the system are constant over time. The dynamic model is based on the assumption that the system is in a non-steady state, which means that the variables of the system are changing over time. The dynamic model is more complex than the static model, but it is also more realistic. The dynamic model is based on the assumption that the system is in a non-steady state, which means that the variables of the system are changing over time. The dynamic model is more complex than the static model, but it is also more realistic. The dynamic model is based on the assumption that the system is in a non-steady state, which means that the variables of the system are changing over time. The dynamic model is more complex than the static model, but it is also more realistic.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

At this brother's insistence, I went back to work for another month. Everything he had said about the commission, the Chinese associate and the other people at the bank, I thought, must be true. I had to go back to work for him. I had no choice. I had to go back to work for him. I had no choice. I had to go back to work for him. I had no choice.

(Continued on Page 3)

Decision *by* Val Gielquod

**A Short Story of a Chinese Girl Who Loved Well, but Wisely, Too.
Complete in This Issue.**



*In 1861, I met Mr. Saunders Head One of His Few Occasions
of Visiting a member of the Party His Wife, Mary
Accompanied Him*

[illegible][illegible]

lung Lu Sat There, Cross-Legged, Drinking Tea; a Little Man in an Elaborate Kimono, Black Silk Trousers and Square, Horn-Rimmed Spectacles. On Each Side of Him Stood a Guard.

"I suppose he was not surprised," said Alan.
 "He spoke as if he felt pretty sure. He
 explained so clearly the nature of evil and
 of sin, that I felt I had been in the kingdom
 of heaven, and I had seen the King."
 "I am glad you were so comforted," said
 the old man. "I am glad you were so
 comforted."

[illegible]

.... ONLY *Olive Oil*

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE



... pearl as tiny rosebuds . . . their skin satin-smooth, docilely fresh

Now the lovely Dionne Quintuplets
use only PALM OLIVE
the soap made with Gentle Olive Oil



Dr. DeCassins has explained that the time of the birth of the Deacon Quintuplets and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Chloral. When the time arrived for Soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies.

And you two ladies I have been thinking
ward look up to me and my dear
all in the same way. And I
know the number of the first I
could do so. I have been thinking
Wendy and I have been thinking
and I have been thinking

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL

TO KEEP SKIN LOVELY THROUGH THE YEARS

Such Friendly Stimulation!

... IN EVERY CUP OF THIS TRULY ROASTER-FRESH COFFEE



"Mais, oui! Good coffee, it is like a good audience! It gives me the friendly stimulation that helps me to do my best!"

Lily Pons

The singer catches Lily Pons, Metropolitan Opera

THE MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT!
COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK



TUNE IN MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT!
... music, drama, fun
... coast-to-coast network

TRY just one sparkling cup of this delicious coffee! How good it is!... with a mellow, full-bodied richness that invites unhesitating enjoyment of another cup!

And—what refreshing stimulation... a friendly stimulation that buoys you up... makes you feel so much brighter.

It comes to you fresh, of course—the matchless blend of choice coffees. Not just *days* fresh, but *hours* fresh. For it is packed in the super-vacuum, Vita-Fresh can—the one sure way to assure you coffee as fresh as the very hour it left the roasting ovens.

Why not try Maxwell House—tomorrow? Enjoy its delicious flavor... and its friendly stimulation. A product of General Foods.

THE KEY TO FRESHNESS!

Maxwell House packs its Vita-Fresh coffee in the super-vacuum Vita-Fresh can with a key! This is the one sure way to bring you coffee *truly* fresh! Not just days fresh—but *hours* fresh. For it is packed in the super-vacuum, Vita-Fresh can—the one sure way to assure you coffee as fresh as the very hour it left the roasting ovens.

GOOD TO THE
LAST DROP!



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

BETTER COFFEE... TRULY ROASTER-FRESH

B... Cor... Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 16)

and she stood on a narrow street with the high haughty walls of the Stuyvesant Studios staring down at her.

CHAPTER XVII

Murder on a gambling ship.

SALLY NAYTON never after would know what she did with the rest of that day. It completely slipped her mind that it was Treasa's big moment on the set. She thought of nothing but the hurt in her soul, the ache in her heart, and she wondered about money, and now and then she took a look.

She felt that she could not see Treasa just then, and all she could think of was that the Prince had deserted her, and that had resulted in a hand to her in her most of need, that he had left her to beg at a gate which he sat within in power. No man, she loved a girl could treat her like that.

And Sticky, Sticky who had won them to the Grange, Grange was a lot like Brando, now she came to think of it. She had thought of him as a pal, and beginning to care for Treasa, hadn't he gone into the house that night to bring Treasa home from the night?

But she didn't understand those men. Money was all they thought about, money and power. The money she got like that, the better. It would be glorious if someday she could refuse a contract offered by someone. If she could tell the Prince, after she had made good, what she thought of him, what her idea of friendship of decency was.

So ran Sally's thoughts, and her head ached and she ate very little all that stretched day. By midnight she found herself on a bridge after walking miles.

And she was aware that she must get hold of herself, that she must not be a coward that she did Treasa anyway and she must not fail Treasa. For Treasa, who had taught her to dance professionally in box cars all across the country, she must make good. The bridge arched high above a waterless river bed. Sally

Nayton climbed up on the broad

mean ledge to sit there with her back against a post and rest and get rid of this senseless pain and this dreadful hurt.

But someone misunderstood her action. Someone who had seen her slight figure in the headlights of his powerful car climbing upon that bridge. To the man behind the wheel that action meant only one thing, and he stopped the car and sprang out with a yell.

"Hey water none of that!"

Sally started, startled herself to be drawn back to the pavement, and saw a stout, flashily dressed man who had started to grow gray.

"What you trying to do, jump off?" demanded the man roughly, staring at Sally Nayton's white tow beauty. "A girl who looks like you!"

No, began Sally, and then stopped. Why tell this person anything about herself? Let him sympathize with her. No saying who he was. No saying what door he might open. He was the most sympathetic man she had spoken to in Hollywood, that is if she was still in Hollywood. She didn't know she had walked an

far. And something Treasa had said about New York rang in her mind. "Just when you're ready to jump off Brooklyn Bridge somebody runs into you with a taxi and gives you a seven feet." And she wanted to laugh hysterically.

"Well, you forget it," said the man, looking closer at Sally. "You broke?"

"No," said Sally.

"No. That's the trouble."

"I've got a date," said the man, still looking at Sally closely.

"Ever been on a gambling ship?"

"Never," said Sally Nayton.

"That's where I'm going. If you want to come along I'll take you. Stake you to a good meal and a play at the wheel if you like. There's a man going to meet me out there who may have a job for a beauty like you. Good night job I mean. He's connected with the screen. Ever work on the screen?"

"No," said Sally, her heart

pounding. "Well, there's nothing phony about this sister," said the man, and put his hand under Sally's elbow. "You can come along and nothing will happen to you. You don't know me, but my name's Irvin Spendlin and I like to give a helping hand when I can. Are you game?"

"Was she game?" Sally Nayton, burning with anger and shame and the eagerness to seize a chance to get her start, did not hesitate.

And so, after nearly an hour's ride toward the Pacific, she was sitting with this stranger in a water taxi that was speeding them toward the gaming ship, anchored seven miles out from the shore, and a little of her desperate panic and heartlessness had left her.

The thing to do, she kept telling herself, was to work for this career, the Prince, for she could never call him Dahlgren had told her she would have. Work for it and show him! Flaunt it in his face someday. Prove that she could get there without his help. The help he had denied her.

The launch which took them out to the ship was a high-powered affair, and the smooth, dark blue waters of the Pacific with incredible speed. It was a beautiful ride, with the great yellow moon bathing the sea in dancing radiance, a ride that Sally thought, rather wistfully, she would like to take with the Prince at her side.

But she caught herself sharply. She must put all of that away from her. She would get over it some day. She must. Meantime, with the launch drawing close to the gambling ship, which stood in the water ablaze with light and twinkling with gay music, she must concentrate on her career—the career that, perhaps, was to take start somewhere on the festive decks of the glittering boat of chance.

Sally drew a long breath. Perhaps success was ahead of her after all.

"I'll get you something to eat first and then we can have a try at the games," Sally's escort told

her as he assisted her to the deck of the ship, where an orchestra played, rather off-key, a popular tune about night and love.

Guided by Spendlin's hand, Sally entered a long ornate gambling casino. She felt bewildered and reluctant, but conscious of a fever of excitement which was beginning to run like a hot underriver beneath her chilled pulse.

Treasa would be furious with her. But not if it got her her chance. She knew now how difficult it was to rouse anyone's interest, to get in. If she met this man, and he believed she had been about to jump off that bridge—surely Treasa would tell her she'd have been a fool to refuse.

Spendlin's eyes were fixed upon the roulette wheel they were passing, and as though unable to get by it he pushed Sally into the crowd about it and she felt a crisp bill pressed in her fingers.

"Place this, sister," he told her. "Beginners' luck. Bet it now."

Sally looked up at him to protest, and saw him staring past her with distended eyes, the color drained from his face.

"You place your bet and then we'll eat," he told her hurriedly. "Back in a moment."

Sally, holding the bill, saw him approach a group of people, a woman and two men, took them in a detail. One of them was possibly the man who was to give her her chance. They were well-dressed, interesting looking people.

And then her eyes lifted to the wheel before her. She saw it spin, saw little hills of money, little pyramids of bills. Saw people winning, losing, and she watched them. And presently she placed her bet, bent forward, tensely watching.

Her heart almost stopped with the gaily-painted wheel. A little pile of money was pushed toward her. She had won a hundred dollars! Just like that. And people roared everywhere in box cars to save far less.

The gaudy casino awoke before her eyes. No one paid any at-

tention to her. The wheel was spinning again.

Stuffing the money which belonged to Spendlin, not to her, in her purse, Sally shrank from the pressing bodies at the table. She looked about for Spendlin or the group he had joined, but could not see any of them.

A certain strength had come to Sally. The first shock of seeing the Prince had worn off and she was assembling her thoughts, getting back her nerve. She must go on.

She remembered that it was Treasa's night. She should have been home to spend her on her way, to listen all the noise for her full rich voice. Treasa would be worried about her. It was not good for her to be worried that night.

But to leave her without meeting this man, that she would not do.

For a moment Sally stood there, and in that moment a great brassy clash of sound drew her attention and the attention of everyone else toward the small stage at the back of the casino.

Cymbals had been brought together to announce the entrance of several dancing girls, and Sally turned from them toward the other end of the casino. She would have to find Spendlin and keep him to his word. And she had won money for him. That should raise her in his good graces.

She had almost reached the midway at the end of the casino when a man, coming in, walked past her. Sally noticed him because she was looking for Spendlin or one of the group he had joined, but she shrank a little from the hard stare he gave her.

She walked on into the corridor which spread before her and from which several small rooms pitted off. In the first she saw the thing which drew her forward, fearful and curious. A man's feet spread queerly on the floor.

And in another moment, while time stood still, she was looking down upon Irvin Spendlin's body. He lay on his back and there was a bullet hole in his forehead!

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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CORNS KEEP COMING BACK BIGGER—MORE PAINFUL unless removed ROOT and ALL

Wonderful new ROOT AND ALL method ends corns forever

✓ A corn is a pocket of ordinary paring material only from the surface. Leave the root unremoved in the toe. The corn comes back after cutting—each time bigger, uglier, more painful than ever! And with serious danger of infection.

No wonder millions of men and women have switched to this new double-action Blue-Jay Root and All method—then the whole corn lifts out in a short day.

Blue-Jay is a tiny, scientifically constructed corn plaster—easy to use—invisible, and held in place by spe-



cial Wet-Fit adhesive. End your wait today. Get a 25¢ package of six Blue-Jay Corn Plasters at your drugist.

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

ONLY 10¢ FOR BOTH! GREAT BIG BOTTLE NAIL POLISH WITH FREE WHITE NAIL PENCIL!

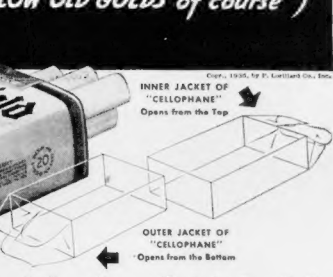
FOR only 10¢—wonderful new LADY LILLIAN Creme Nail Polish in an extra large bottle! And that's not all! With each bottle you get FREE a Nail Whitening Pencil. You'll thrill at the way the new Best, Sun-Tan, and other smart shades flatter your hands! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get yours—today!

3¢ Trial Offer Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

Millions of women have longed for a depilatory which contains no sulphides, no offensive odors, a depilatory that can be used as freely on the face as on the legs. Here it is! Simply spread on ZIP Hair Remover where hair is to be eliminated, remove it, and instantly get rid of every trace of hair. Ask dealer or write: Permanent Hair Depilator at my home, Melville Burke, 562 15th Ave., New York City.



"...Don't forget, Dearest...bring home A POUND OF FRESH BUTTER A DOZEN FRESH EGGS and a Carton of FRESH CIGARETTES (I mean DOUBLE-MELLOW OLD GOLDS of course)"



PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS + 2 JACKETS DOUBLE "CELLOPHANE" = Double-Mellow Old Golds

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Does Your Nail Polish Get Thick and Gummy?

In 14 day test 8 popular Brands of Polish became thick and unusable — *Evaporated 35% to 60%*



The NEW Cutex Polish is usable to the last Drop

Its Evaporation is less than half as much as ordinary Polish



TRY THESE NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

Their soft, dusky undertone of brown makes them go with many costume colors. Fashion says: "Wear them!"

Mauve—Pink with a misty hint of lavender. Perfectly sets off blue, gray and most pale colors.

Rust—This grand smoky shade was just made for sun-tanned hands. Particularly becoming to a costume range of brown, beige, gray, green, white, copper.

Light Rust—A smoky undertone more golden than brown makes this Light Rust very delicate and glamorous.

Robin Red—A new, softer red. Goes with any color costume. Perfect with white and pale colors—wonderful with the new autumn browns and greens.

Old Rose—Paler than Robin Red—but in the same smoky key. Intriguingly feminine. Charming with pastels.

In case your dealer cannot supply you with the very new Light Rust or Old Rose—fill in the coupon below.

WE deliberately unopened 10 bottles of nail polish—2 of our New Cutex—Clear and Crème, and 8 popular rival brands—and let their contents stand exposed to the air for 14 days.

The result was amazing! The 8 rival brands clearly showed an evaporation of 35% to 60%! All were thick and gummy. But the New Cutex Polish evaporated

less than half as much as the competitive brands. Came through the test as smooth flowing, as easy to apply, as ever!

Think what this means to you in terms of nail-polish value! Practically no loss by evaporation—even when standing for many days in an entirely unopened bottle. No thickening and drying while standing. Usable down to the last drop in the bottle—a distinct saving!

Add this new economy feature to Cutex's already impressive list of advantages—its finer lacquer and longer wear, its easier application, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its 10 smart shades, and its new and wonderful sun-resisting property—and you'll never put up with any ordinary polish again.

There's no question about the value you get for your money when you buy Cutex.

So little money, too—the New Cutex still sells at the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear! Stock up today in all your favorite shades.

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Mail coupon today for complete Cutex Manicure Kit containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 14¢

Northern Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 6-4-4
 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
 (In Canada, P. O. Box 2120, Montreal)
 Enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, unopened, and Polish Remover: (1) Mauve (2) Rust (3) Light Rust (4) Robin Red (5) Old Rose (One sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)
 Name _____
 Address _____
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